We still get meat from your journal. It is rich. — *Rupe and Tabitha Tipps, Essary Springs, Tn.*

(The Tipps' have been subscribers since we started back in 1952. — *Ed.*)

You have the knack of causing us to look at ourselves honestly and that may not always be a pleasant thing to do. Praise the Lord, it is very needful for me and I can grow spiritually because of it. —*Nathan Hopson, Sweetwater, Tx.*

Praise the Lord the "Church of Christ" is waking up in some areas of the country. Hope it will soon hit this area! — *Bob L. Howard, Myrtle Creek, Or.*

Your writings renew my faith in men to know that there are still some who stand their ground in what they believe and are not afraid to tell it like it is. Sure miss reading another brother's publication, Carl Ketcherside, who has also stirred me time and time again. I pray God will keep fellas like you around for a long time, to keep the church thinking. — *Bill Miller, Springboro, Oh.*

Restoration Review is so refreshing and a beautiful reminder that there are those continuing to grow. Former Uptown Church of Christ and the Church of Christ, formerly 5th and Atlantic, have merged. It lifts me up to see congregations joining rather than splitting. — *Elnor Mohr, Long Beach, Ca.*

While I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet I predict freely that a lot more men will become unable to live with their conscience by remaining silent and will start coming out of the woodwork to declare themselves. Let us hope that not many will begin to do it because it will become the popular thing. The question asserts itself everywhere in our day and it has to be discussed. Much of the discussion will consist of legal mouthings but once in awhile, in the most unlikely places, a truth will get through and folk will realize what it is all bout. You cannot educate people and keep them enslaved forever. — *Carl Ketcherside, St. Louis, Mo.*

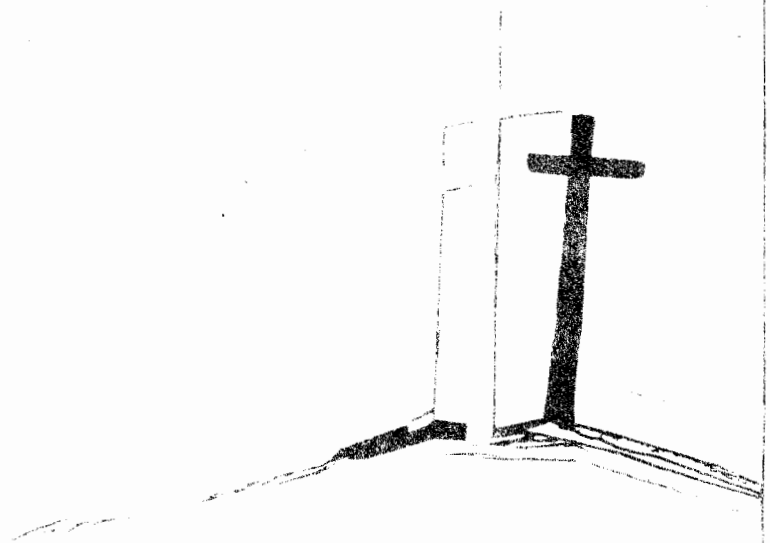
Extend my subscription. I enclose check for amount of 10.00. I am 85 years of age and I like to read *Restoration Review*. — *Ealon O. Miller, Collinsville, Ok.*

I have never left and do not consider myself to be a "defector." Who told you that I am? I did not. In fact, the last time we were together — in Denton when I was there talking about the Moonies — I remember rather distinctly telling you that I had *not* gone over to the Moonies, but that I was still "just a Christian." — *Warren Lewis, Rt. 1, Box 485, Red Hook, NY 12571.*

(When we conclude that one is a "defector" from the Church of Christ, and there are more than a few of them around, we do not mean that they have necessarily defected from Christ. I am surprised that Warren would object to being described as one who has left the Church of Christ, but I am also pleased, and I gladly make the correction. — *Ed.*)

We will soon begin another year and another volume. There will be a modest increase in our subscription price. This is a good time to renew your sub and send the paper to four of your friends, all for only $10.00. Some of our most enthusiastic readers have come to us in this way. You may have a friend who would appreciate being on our mailing list, who will never know of our ministry unless you take the initiative.

RESTORATION REVIEW



A Good Man Can Be:

Honest, and yet mistaken.
Sincere, and still be ignorant
Pious, and blind to his own sins.
Popular, and headed in the wrong direction.
Upright, and still be on the wrong side.
Correct theologically, and wrong socially.

—*Roy L. Smith*

Vol. 23, No. 9 Leroy Garrett, Editor November, 1981

Jesus Today . . .

JESUS WOULD TELL THEM TO SHUT UP!

Lately I have been serving the Denton public schools as a part-time school bus driver. I will not go into the reasons for my doing this in this essay, but I do want to share with you one of my many interesting experiences. And I would that more people could have the experience of living with 40 kids inside a school bus — especially their parents!

One afternoon when they were on the verge of murdering each other, I sought tranquility by talking with one of the offenders about what he was learning in Sunday school. Some of his peers were calling him names and he was calculating what he might do in revenge. *What would Jesus do?*, I asked, not sure that it was the right question for a rowdy 12-year old, Sunday school or not. Surely inspired by something, Holy Spirit or otherwise, he blurted out without hesitation, *Jesus would tell them to shut up!*

Not being one to quench the Spirit or the spirit, however it was, I retreated to my driver's seat, conceding that that is precisely what Jesus might do, tell them to shut up. It was all the theology I needed for one afternoon. But the lad set me to thinking, as one should in the face of such prophetic outcries. *Do we really know all that much about what Jesus would do and not do?*, I have been asking myself. About a lot of things in our lives.

There was of course the right answer, which the enterprising young demon did not give: *Jesus would turn the other cheek*. With that response I would (we all would) pat the lad on the head and say, *Good boy, the Lord give you victory over your enemies!* But we know that Jesus did not always turn the other cheek. All four evangelists tell us how Jesus drove the money-changers from the temple, and Matthew and Mark tell how he turned over tables and chairs. And John tells us that he got after them with a whip — and only he tells us how Jesus scattered their money all over the place!

That is such an unlikely report on the activities of the Son of God that it lends credulity to the Scriptures. No one would have fabricated such an account, and even we are reluctant to face up to this episode in the life of Jesus. Some want the narrative to say that Jesus used a whip only on the

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animals. Even my dear Ouida is tempted to equivocate. "You don't think he actually struck people, do you?," she pleaded, betraying a fixed stereotype that most of us have of the Lord. All right, maybe he did use a whip, we admit in the face of what is written, but maybe he only waved it threateningly in the air. We lack the candor of the lad on the bus who had no problem with a Jesus who tells people to shut up, sometimes. Did he not talk to Peter somewhat that way, or with even greater severity: "He rebuked Peter and said, 'Get behind me, Satan! For you are not on the side of God, but of men'" (Mk. 8:33). In all my days I have never called another man *Satan*, but then again I am not Jesus!

He who laid down the principle of non-violence was indeed sometime violent, or something like that. If only John tells us about the whip, only Mark gives us a striking fact about Jesus cleansing the temple: *He would not allow anyone to carry anything through the temple* (Mk. 11:16). So the Lord not only upset tables and chairs, scattering the money, but he also took a whip after them and policed the area lest they bring in anymore of their merchandise. We see a Jesus with a lamb in his arms more easily than a Jesus with a whip in his hand doing guard duty. We may conclude from the narrative that the money-changers saw that Jesus meant business. It is noteworthy that it was following this affair that they began to contrive a way to do away with him. We may also conclude that the folk looking on got a bang out of the show!

While I grant that such a norm as "What would Jesus do?" is appropriate for the believer, I suggest that such a rule is often difficult to apply in our complex and explosive world. What *would* Jesus do about some of the weighty problems we face as parents and grandparents? And did Jesus ever run a business and try to cope with all the governmental regulations and still make a profit? What would he say about the knotty issues between labor and management or how would he settle a strike? How do we apply his ethics to international crises, whether in Afghanistan, Israel, Iran, or Saudi Arabia. How would Jesus have voted on the AWAC issue, or what would he tell the British to do about "the Irish problem"?

We can always say that Jesus would do the loving thing, and he would call for mercy and forgiveness. But what is the loving thing in such matters as gun control, the military draft, and coping with inflation? How do we apply the mind of Christ to such sensitive issues as abortion, euthanasia, drug and crime control, racial and sexual inequities? Jesus' disciples today disagree on all these things even though they look to him as Lord.

We have to admit that we do not know what Jesus would say about abortion and all its complexities or what he would do about drug abuse. Yet he is Lord over all life and he is vitally concerned about all our problems. He seems to leave us on our own with ideals to live by the best we can. He provided the paraclete or comforter to be with us and

strengthen us, but the Holy Spirit is not "the answer man" who tells us how to save the economy. As a believer our President might pray for guidance, but the Father will not necessarily tell him how to handle the Russians? God does not seem to have laid out that kind of game plan, for we are largely on our own, *with principles and a Person.*

Is Jesus relevant to our kind of world? Very much so, but we do know how the script reads. We keep on looking through that glass darkly, and the mysteries remain, however faithful we may be. Perhaps that is what it is all about: we live by faith in a world that we cannot understand. We believe in the victory when defeat seems to be all about us. We are persuaded He is with us even when the bottom seems to be falling out of our lives. We are winners even when we seem to be losers. All because Jesus overcame the world — but only in a certain way, a way the world does not accept. "This is the victory that overcomes the world, our faith" (1 Jn. 5:4). To really *believe,* that is what it is all about. We will not answer all the questions or solve all the problems, but as *believers* we are overcomers. It is enough to settle for that.

Yes, Jesus might tell noisy kids to shut up, or adults for that matter, or he might say nothing and turn the other cheek. Yes, he might take a whip to greedy men, or he might give them his cloak as well as his coat. He might go the second mile and he might not. We don't always know. We only know that he did the Father's will perfectly. We cannot do that; we can only want to. And that is the essence of our being like Jesus and doing as he would do. It is a matter of the heart. We *want* to be like Jesus in the midst of all the uncertainties of our troubled world. If that is our heart's desire, we will be right even when we are wrong. — *the Editor*

A HEARSE PASSED BY ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

On October 5, the *Dallas Times Herald* had one of the most unusual pictures ever to appear on its front page. A hearse is moving down Commerce St. through Dealy Plaza, alongside the book depository building, where, back in 1963 President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. That in itself would not be so unusual since such vehicles must make their way down that busy street most every day, but this hearse contained the body of Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin of the President. And this is 1981, eighteen years after Lee Harvey Oswald was laid to rest in a Ft. Worth cemetery!

You have probably read news reports of the legal battle that raged for three years between Marina Oswald Porter, Oswald's widow, and Robert Oswald, his brother, over the exhumation of the body. An enterprising British author, Michael H. B. Eddowes, concocted the theory that a Russian spy murdered the President and that it was he, not Oswald, that was buried in Ft. Worth. He pressed his case for a decade or so, and finally gained Marina's support in asking the court for permission to open the grave. Oswald's brother got a restraining order, but in the end failed to have his way, the court ruling that he had no claim in the case.

A team of pathologists settled once for all that the one buried in Rose Hill cemetery was indeed Lee Harvey Oswald. The doctors knew that Oswald had had a mastoidectomy when he was 6, which left a hole in an ear. They also had his dental records. After four hours of meticulous analysis they announced their findings to Marina and Mr. Eddowes, who spent $10,000 to have it done, and then to the waiting world. Ouida and I were among the ones waiting. I had told her that it would be the story of the decade if the body turned out to be that of a Russian spy. I was willing to take the word of the reporters who served as pallbearers back in 1963, all of whom saw the body and testified that it was Oswald in the casket, whom they had seen alive. But Marina and Eddowes had to be convinced. Marina told reporters that she hoped that the nightmare she had lived for 18 years was over. Eddowes, with straight face, told the media that the result of the autopsy surprised him.

As I read the news items I felt compassion for Robert Oswald. He worked here in Denton when this tragedy struck his life, and he is apparently a decent man. He said he fought the exhumation for the sake of his *living* family. It was no doubt painful to him to read the detailed description of how the pathologists went about their work, as I did, which told of how the skeletal head was removed and placed on a separate table where it was x-rayed many times, along with all other sorts of things. When he lost his case, he requested an on-site examination, but Marina wanted a complete autopsy. Finally, he asked that it not be on a Sunday, for religious reasons. But Marina chose Sunday so that publicity would be at a minimum. When the bulldozer pulled up to his brother's grave before dawn on Sunday, October 4, Robert Oswald wept.

There was a gaping hole at Rose Hill cemetery for most of that Sunday. Gawkers and the curious were kept away during the disinterment, but during the day they snapped pictures and bore pebbles away as souvenirs. One man crawled into the open grave and had his picture made. Three circles of police provided security for the pathologists as they did their work. It all struck me as something right out of a weirdo detective novel, and not exactly complimentary of the human race.

Then there was that picture on the front page of a metroplex daily. I cannot but admire the reporter for his enterprise. He perched himself and waited for the body of Lee Harvey Oswald, duly autopsied, to take the same route the President took back on Nov. 22, 1963. He snapped the picture when the hearse was in the exact spot of the presidential limosine when the President was shot. The book depository building in the background neatly framed the picture. There was the window, clearly discernible, from which the assassin did his ugly deed.

Ah, if I were but a poet — after the order Edgar Allen Poe!

I can only quote the Preacher: "I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit."

The Oswald saga vexes my spirit more than most citizens in these parts, for a friend of mine at Bishop College, where we both taught years ago, was one of Oswald's best friends. This professor, a Russian who taught Russian, was a kind of godfather to the Russian immigrants in Dallas, including Oswald and his Russian wife. Once when I was in this professor's home, he and his wife, also Russian, told me their story. I was surprised to learn that he and Lee Harvey philosophized together, reading Tolstoy and Dostoevski *in the original Russian.* I was led to remark, "He doesn't sound like the pipsqueak the papers make him out to be." The he compared him to me! "Dr. Garrett, he was a lot like yourself — philosophical, high-minded, concerned for others." I asked him if Lee Harvey had ever mentioned John F. Kennedy to him. Only once, he answered, and that was when Kennedy was elected. "Maybe we have a President now that will do something for the poor black people," Oswald told him.

Puzzled by this report from a friend, a reputable Ph.D. that I trusted, I asked how such a person as he had described could become an assassin. He was fully confident that Oswald was not Kennedy's assassin, that he had been framed, just as he said he had before he himself was killed, saying, "I am a patsy," which is a matter of record. My friend assured me that Oswald was a man of causes, and that if a cause had led him to kill Kennedy, he would have affirmed it, proclaiming his cause.

Knowing that his testimony was in the Warren Commission report and that he had testified in Washington to the FBI, I asked him if he had told the FBI all these things. He had. Then he and his wife laid this on me: *the FBI knows as well as we know that Lee Harvey Oswald did not kill the President.*

For a time I sat in on my friend's class in Russian, wanting a taste of the language. I came to know him as a kindly, reasonable, committed professor. One day after class he introduced me to a friend who had come to visit him, a highly intelligent international TV producer, who also had

an amazing storehouse of information about the Warren Report and the Kennedy assassination. While the prof went about his business, this gentleman spent an hour explaining to me how duped the American people were by the Warren Report.

All this intrigue, national and international, preserved my curiosity even after I left Bishop College. The last time I called my friend he exulted in his usual manner, "Ah, Dr. Garrett! Some of your former students and I were talking about you this very day!" Then I heard that he was to be interviewed again by the new committee appointed to reinvestigate the assassination. But the night before he was to appear before the committee he was found dead in his room. They said my friend, Dr. George deMohrenschildt, died at his own hands. I am not so sure.

I recall how he shared with me his convictions that Kennedy died from a Cuban conspiracy that made use of Lee Harvey Oswald, who had spent time in Cuba. The Cubans killed him because of the Bay of Pigs fiasco in which, as they saw it, the President betrayed them. Among his last words to me were, "The Cubans are good Catholics. One day some of them will confess it."

This was the story that came to mind once more when I saw the picture of the assassination site on the front page of the Dallas paper. Oswald was back at Dealy Plaza, after 18 years in the grave. And on the front page again. A story that is not likely to die, even if he and the President did. It is macabre.

It illustrates how illusive truth is and how vulnerable man is. One can see why the Preacher would look at our kind of a world and conclude: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

But to those of us who believe it is not all that crucial to know the mysteries of evil or the secrets that lie buried in degenerate hearts. God knows and He is in control. And Jesus lives and he is Lord! Nothing else really matters that much, in spite of our curiosity.

(I will add parenthetically just for the record that I have no theory about the assassination and have no interest in postulating one. This is a story that I rarely tell, and when I do I am told that I should turn it over to a national publication, but what is better than sharing it with the readers of *Restoration Review?* If we could just sip some Russian wine along with it to give it the proper flavor!) — *the Editor*

Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.

—Jean Paul Richter

He had lived long enough to know that it is unwise to wish everything explained.

— Sir Thomas Coningsby

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

(This preface to the forthcoming book, *The Stone-Campbell Movement: An Anecdotal History of Three Churches,* may further acquaint you with this volume.)

One of my old profs at Harvard warned that one should not expect to become a responsible scholar of more than 60 years of history. Inasmuch as this study embraces the better part of two centuries, I have sinned abundantly against that advice. My excuse (and we must make excuses for our sins!) is that I see my role more as that of a reporter or journalist than as a professional historian. For thirty years I have been an editor among Churches of Christ-Christian Churches, and it is from this perspective that this book had its origin and development.

While my academic studies were preparatory to teaching philosophy and religion and not "Restoration History," I have nonetheless studied what I choose to call the Stone-Campbell Movement most of my life. This has resulted in numerous essays in the journals I have edited and many lectures to colleges and churches. Like the founders of the Movement, I choose to be a generalist and not a "specialist," lest I be myopic, if not a bore. Nonetheless I offer specialized studies in this area, such as the "Analyses of the Literature of the Disciples" which I have taught several times during "Intersession" at Emmanuel School of Religion. I have attempted in this volume to analyze the great documents of the Movement so that the reader may understand their meaning as well as their historical significance.

The most fun thing that I have done in these historical studies is a "Hal Holbrook" on Raccoon John Smith. Donning a raccoon cap and longtail coat, and with cane in hand, I walk in on the unsuspecting audience as if I were the old pioneer preacher himself. When I did this to a thousand kids in Gatlinburg, Tn., they first thought I was something that had walked in off the street. But they went for it, seeing that history can be fun. So I may be a "specialist" of sorts after all. My dear Ouida says I am becoming a clown in my old age! This anecdotal approach to history is another characteristic of this study, for I see a difference between telling a story and a recitation of facts.

If I have any unique qualification as a student of the Movement, it would be my rather intimate acquaintance with *all* three churches, including the sub-groups of Churches of Christ. I know many of the leaders in all the segments, and I have been with the people of all these churches at the grass roots level all across the country as well as abroad. Jesus I know and Paul I know, but I especially know the Campbellites! And I love and accept them all, even when I do not agree. This has been my partial undoing, for since I am "a Disciple (or Christian) at large," accepting all

who are my sisters and brothers and rejecting none, I am not fully accepted by any group! But I am unequivocally and unapologetically a member of the "non-instrument" Church of Christ at Denton (Texas), where I serve as an elder, fully accepted and fully loved, sort of.

I am grateful to the three men, one from each church, who have written introductions for this volume. Each is an educator-minister that is as well known and as highly appreciated in his particular fellowship as most anyone that could be named, and they all three bear witness to the fact that there are those in responsible positions who are eager that our people recover their lost unity. I notice that President Thompson refers to "We Disciples." Indeed we all are, our heritage being what it is, just as we are all Christians and all members of the Church of Christ.

"I am debtor," as the apostle put it, to more than could ever be named: to those in all three churches who sent materials and provided information; to libraries across the land, especially the Disciples of Christ Historical Society, David I. McWhirter, director, and the Brite Divinity School Library (TCU), Bob Olson, librarian; to Dr. James B. North, professor of church history, Cincinnati Christian Seminary, for reading the entire manuscript and making remarkably helpful suggestions.

Since the questions and projects are intended as part of the study, I urge all who read the book to try their hand at them, and not only those in a class situation. The annotated bibliographies are usually in addition to the sources referred to in the footnotes, providing the reader with extensive resources for further study.

My publisher, Don DeWelt of College Press, to whom I am indebted beyond measure, offered a dedication page. But I will only in this low-key, prefatory manner dedicate this labor of love to all the women of the Stone-Campbell heritage, both those whose labors helped to create it and those whose hopes help to keep it alive. This of course includes Ouida, especially Ouida, who has both labored and hoped alongside me all these years. Who else could and would prepare an index for a book this size?

Mortimer J. Adler used to tell his students at the University of Chicago that any book worth reading is worth reading three times. Well, I hope you don't have to read this one three times in order to *understand* it, as I have to when I read Alexander Campbell!

Go, little book, God send thee good passage, and specially let this be thy prayer, unto them all that thee will read or hear, where thou art wrong, after their help to call, thee to correct in any part, or all.

— *Chaucer*

Pilgrimage of Joy . . . No. 59

MORMONS AND JEWS

W. Carl Ketcherside

Nell and I received a blow when we learned of the almost sudden death of Brother Melvin Burton at Escondido, California. We had known Melvin and Gladys most of their lives. They moved to Saint Louis shortly after we did and our families grew up together. Their son Curtis married our daughter Sue. Bro. Burton had served until retirement in the criminal investigation division for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He had helped to close the case against Tom Pendergast, the racketeering boss of Missouri, and had worked on the Al Capone case in Chicago. When he retired he was honored by the President of the United States as well as by many others in the political spectrum. There was never a breath of scandal against him.

In Oct., 1975, the Saint Louis Realtor's Association decided to have a prayer breakfast. It was to become an annual event if it was successful. They asked me to speak at it. A great deal depended upon the reaction. It was at 6:30 in the morning at a prominent hotel. Many of those who came had been "out on the town" the night before. A great many were smoking cigarettes as if their life depended on it, rather than the opposite. The president was a consecrated Christian gentleman. After breakfast he made a few remarks, led a prayer for God's guidance, and introduced me. I have never before felt the same nearness of the Spirit.. I spoke about 18 minutes. After the first five the attention was riveted. At the close there was a standing ovation. I am glad to report that the prayer breakfast is a regular thing now.

I was invited to come next to the Kentucky State Teen Convention at Lexington. It was great to see the hundreds of youthful Christians gathering for the occasion. The singing was rouusing, the spirit encouraging and the atmosphere was excellent. It gave me a great thrill to touch so many lives while they were still in the dewy freshness of young manhood and womanhood. The courage, faith and hope of such people is a tremendous source of strength to me.

I went from there to Canada to the Ontario Christian Seminary. The president was Alan Larue. I had first met him years ago at a little rural congregation in Ohio. He was always a man of vision and foresight. He had gone to Toronto and built the school up to its present rating. It was a brilliant move. Toronto, an Indian name meaning "a place of meeting," was already the second city in Canada, in point of population. It had just

begun to expand. A great medical, museum and musical center, it was also the home of Toronto University, one of the great educational centers of our day. The city was also the home of a tremendous annual exposition. The seminary was small in number, but had an impact beyond its size. It was great to be able to talk with the students between sessions and to share in their plans and ambitions.

December 3-5 found me at Wickliffe, Ohio. Here I was permitted to be with Jack Ashworth, who previously labored with the Church of Christ, but who had been delivered from a lot of the sectarian hang-ups. Because of the freedom and openness of the congregation it was under suspicion by many others in the general Cleveland area. The very first morning six of the preachers came together to question me. Just as soon as I announced we were ready for queries from the audience they "hogged the show" and sought to dominate the proceedings. It was rather interesting. They followed the pattern I have seen so often. One would ask a leading question, and the other would have his hand in the air before I answered it. They laid down a barrage of questions but fortunately I had heard all of them before, many times.

One of the interesting features about this kind of tactic which I have experienced so often is the reaction upon those who attend my meetings and who did not grow up in an exclusivistic Church of Christ atmosphere. They can hardly believe their ears. In most cases the questioners keep an eye on their watches and about five minutes before quitting time "they fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away." When they leave, someone is almost certain to burst out with, "Who in the world are those men, and what do they represent?" Of course, these men cannot eat luncheon in the meetinghouse, so they never meet people informally and personally. They can only hit and run, so they appear cowardly to those who cannot understand either their purpose or their method of trying to attain it. The sectarian spirit makes cowards of men who ought to be brave.

Since Kirtland was quite close, I was eager to go over and see this place which Joseph Smith made quite famous. It was very near the home of Sidney Rigdon, who was a Baptist preacher at Mentor originally. He was an eloquent man who was led into what was called "the current reformation" by Alexander Campbell, after an all night talk on the front porch at Bethany. He became very close to Campbell, even traveling with him by horseback to Washington, Kentucky, to take notes on the debate with McCalla.

Rigdon was led into Mormonism by Parley P. Pratt, who with his brother Orson, was another defector from the Campbell movement. Rigdon

had a profound effect upon the developing Mormon faith and is credited with a lot of the theology which became part of it. He expected to become its head, succeeding Smith, who was shot to death in the jail at Nauvoo, Illinois, by enraged citizens who resented his ambitious attitude and his taking of other wives. But he was shouldered aside by Brigham Young, and at the age of sixty returned a broken man to his boyhood home in Friendship, New York. Here he worked as a shingle-packer, disillusioned and upset, referring to himself as an "exile."

The "saints" as they refer to themselves, built a "temple" in Kirtland. It is still maintained by the "Reorganized Church" of Independence, Missouri, one of the five branches into which the movement separated. The caretakers and guides try to make it appear that the blueprint was inspired and the Lord acted as foreman in its erection. It is evident that this is only part of the myth of which the whole false system has been constructed. It has been built into one of the most cleverly-contrived fabrications ever devised to fool and deceive an unsuspecting world.

On two consecutive Tuesdays in December I was scheduled to be the speaker at the Messianic Forum luncheon in Saint Louis. These are held every Tuesday at noon at the Downtown Holiday Inn. They began on May 14, 1948, the day that Israel became a nation, following a resolution by the united Nations General Assembly, on Nov. 29, 1947. This called for an end to the British Mandate for Palestine which had been established by the League of Nations in 1922. I have now spoken about 36 times to the group, which is attended by Jews with a great deal of love for Jerusalem. Some of these are believers in Jesus, but a great many are opposed to him. They are held together by a mutual love for Israel, although their reasons for that love differ widely. I have been privileged to meet teachers and writers exiled from Russia, as well as presidents of large manufacturing concerns, and persons from every walk of life. The most versatile and articulate presentation I ever heard in answer to my presentation about the Lordship of Jesus, was made by a manufacturer of men's pants.

Once I was invited to speak by the United Jewish Men of Saint Louis. I appeared with a popular and respected rabbi, who presented counter-arguments to my contention that Jesus was the Messiah. There were 800 men present for the dinner and program which followed. The thing which impressed me was the number of Jews who were humanists. The rabbi was in almost as much trouble as myself. The question period lasted an hour and he was attacked for his belief in the existence of God about as severely as I was for urging that Jesus was His Son.

The last event of the year was the Saint Louis Forum. This had always been an honest effort to discuss anything, regardless of how "sticky" it was, without qualm. Any person could feel free to state anything or to ask any question. In 1975 we stretched the program to the point that we

engaged in open discussion of moral questions and obligations such as we had not discussed before. We had twice invited women to appear as speakers in a survey of women's rights and privileges in the church. But this time we invited two men who were doctors to frankly discuss the abortion issue; and two persons who were involved in the political spectrum to talk about the Christian's role in modern politics. We asked them to address frankly the problem of whether a Christian had the right to march in peace demonstrations, or to use the power of organized revolt to overthrow laws that were unjust.

Two students of prophecy talked about modern Israel in the plan of God. One of them felt that Jerusalem was destined to play a dramatic role in the future dealings of God with the world; the other felt that Jerusalem meant no more to God than Saint Louis or New York. This made for a good question period. There were two more who spoke on the subject of marriage and divorce especially as divorce and remarriage applied to one who was chosen to serve as an elder. I made an announcement of the forum in the paper but there was no coverage given it because by the time it was held the Mission Messenger was no more.

On December 1, Nell had addressed and wrapped the final paper and I had placed it in the proper bag according to the zip code. I loaded the nine mail sacks in the car as I had been doing each month for thirty-seven years and drove to the loading dock at the main post office in Saint Louis. I am sure it must have come as a great relief to Nell, and to Brother and Sister Ratliff, who had faithfully helped us wrap them for months. Sister Ratliff continuted to do so after she had partially recovered from a paralytic stroke. I am not sure how we would have made it without the ministrations of this faithful pair. I said goodbye to the mail handlers on the dock and went into the weighing office and bade farewell to the men who had helped me so much. Only one was left who had been there when I started. I climbed in the car and started for home with mixed emotions. More than a third of a century lay behind me.

I could not help but think of the changes I had made in those years. In my next, and last article in this series, I hope to detail some of the changes in my perception of the will of God which have occurred to me. I have been attacked and abused for stating them. It appears that we are often more comfortable with one who continues to wear the rags and tatters of a disproven theology than with one who dons a new suit provided by the Spirit of God. If one tells the truth about changes to which he has been driven he becomes the victim of verbal assault; if he lies or cavils or conceals his true feelings he becomes a recognized, if uneasy, party hero.

In the remainder of this space I want to thank all those who have helped us in any manner. Many of you are still doing so. Your

encouragement and sharing are wonderful. I have often thought what I would say if I were requested to name the five persons who have most affected my life. I have reached the conclusion it would be impossible to answer. Surely God has brought all of you into my life for an eternal purpose. You have touched by life for good and I am forever grateful. I have survived three wars, and even two world depressions. I have lived to see numerous changes in"the higher powers" that govern. Men have come, and men have gone, but I have continued with unabated faith in Him "who puts down kings and raises them up."

From one who was an intolerant debater and defender of the party line I have been delivered and made to see the earnest attempt to please God of many who never heard of the Campbells. I have been led to see the inherent good in the youth of our land and have been able to properly appreciate the strength of middle age, and the wisdom and experience of old age. I am thrilled that I was invited to share this "Pilgrimage of Joy" with you, and since the journey is not completed I trust that you will pray for me that it may be finished as it began.

A FREE GIFT VISITED

All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God, they are justified by his grace as a gift, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. —Rom. 3:24

I have been watching with both interest and amazement a confrontation between Arnold Hardin, a preacher in Dallas, and some of his fellow ministers who read his church bulletin. All involved belong to what some call the *Antis*, but in my history of the Movement I call them the "Conservative Churches of Christ." And I do *not* put them down!

The onset is over brother Hardin's insistence that salvation is by faith apart from works of law — *any* law, even "the law of Christ," if there is such a thing. One of his constant references is Rom. 3:28: "We hold that a man is justified by faith apart from works of law." He also refers to Philip. 3:9: "Not having a righteousness of my own, based on law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness from God that depends on faith." He thus writes of *imputed* righteousness, showing that we have no righteousness of our own, but only the righteousness of Christ which God grants to us through grace only on the basis of our faith, apart from works.

Would you believe that a man would find disfavor with *gospel* preachers for writing such obvious truths as these? As incredible as it is, they contend man *is* saved by works, which they identify as obeying God's commands, such as baptism. So, they say, salvation is not wholly a matter of God's grace, but also of man's initiative. Since man has to do something in response to God's grace (which Arnold does not deny), what he does is thus a work by which he is saved. Moreover, righteousness is not imputed, but it is the result of man cooperating with the requirements of the gospel. And so "the imputation of righteousness" has become an issue among these brethren, and brother Hardin is caricatured in their press as some special kind of heretic. As I read all this I can hardly believe my eyes. Gospel preachers, not humanists, are making such an issue!

I look for causes in this sort of tragedy. What have we done to our people that they have been deluded into supposing that God's grace needs to be scotched by our good works, and that we *are* saved by "works of righteousness" even when the apostle clearly shows that we are not — not even by works of *righteousness!* If this were indeed the way of it, then our Lord's death was in vain. This is precisely the way Paul puts it: "I do not nullify the grace of God; for if justification were through the law, then Christ died to no purpose" (Gal. 2:21).

I am persuaded that the culprit is our doctrine of baptism, for many of our people suppose that baptism is a work of righteousness whereby we are saved. We are saved by being baptized! While we may relate this to God's grace, we nonetheless see baptism as a *procuring* act: we procure salvation by being baptized — this being made possible of course by God's grace! That is about the way we cut it, at best. This is why a lot of our folk, especially some preachers, get upset with the likes of Arnold Hardin when he notes what is obviously gospel truth: *that we are saved by grace, wholly by grace.* The immediate reaction is, what does this do to baptism? We are therefore left with a "works gospel," even when giving lip service to grace.

Has such a tragedy befallen us that we do not even know what the gospel is? Baptism can be no part of the gospel, for gospel is good news while baptism is a command and an act. Baptism may be a means of responding to the good news, but not the news itself. The good news is summarized in the text with which we began: we are justified (made right with God) by his grace *as a gift* through Jesus Christ. The prefatory words enhance the magnanimity of the blessed news, for we all have sinned and are consequently far from God. But He saves us as an act of mercy through Jesus. Glory be! There is nothing that I can do to earn it or to buy it or to procure it or to deserve it. Any righteousness that I may have is like the mop used to clean out the commode (modern version!). I cannot procure even the shadow of His righteousness, even if I am baptized a

thousand times or die that many deaths. If it were so, I would not need Christ. He is not a lawgiver, but a savior, a sin-bearer.

We are saved by his grace *as a gift.* Can we not see it? Is it not something like Nixon's pardon? Poor man, everybody was down on him because of his blatant sins against the very people that trusted him with their highest office. The rascal, he should have rotted in prison. That is what he deserved. Then the President pardoned him. I find you not guilty, the nation said through its President, even when he really was. A free gift! True, Nixon had to *accept* the pardon. He had to sign something and send it in. Was what he did a "work" that procured the pardon? Only a fool would suggest such, and yet that is what we have done with baptism, making it a procuring act rather than a confirming act.

The big difference in the Nixon illustration is that even a President cannot issue a pardon from sin, not even by shelling out all the gold in Fort Knox. If we are made righteous, it must be imputed to us by one who is able to be "a propitiation for sins." But we are just as guilty as Nixon, and there is not one thing we can do about it on our own. It is a free gift. Now when we accept the gift by being baptized (this being the ordinance He has given as a sign of the acceptance) does this make baptism a "work of righteousness" whereby we procure what God has to offer?

If this is not what baptism for the remission of sins means, then we are guilty of compromising the gospel. We are saved by grace through faith as a free gift (period)! That is the gospel! God has ordained an act whereby we can *know,* when we obey the act, that we have the remission of our sins, just as we can know that we have passed from Texas into Oklahoma when we see the sign. Baptism is thus a sign of what God has done because of our faith in Christ. It is a necessary sign, but still a sign, or a "figure" as it is stated in 1 Pet. 3:21.

This must be our understanding of baptism for the remission of sins, lest we nullify the gospel and have a religion based on works. That would be bad news, for there is no way for us to put it together, not even good folk like us!

The difficulty brother Hardin is having has its bright side, for it means that some have "seen the grace of God," like Barnabas did (Acts 11:23) and that others are being led to reexamine their position. It is part of the changing scene among Churches of Christ. So we should all take heart, including brother Hardin, and count our blessings. — *the Editor*

Here is another sample page from *The Stone-Campbell Movement: An Anecdotal History of Three Churches,* by Leroy Garrett, so that you can see something of its makeup. If you order now, you can still take advantage of the pre-pub price of $17.95, a bargain for 750 pages of exciting history. You need send no money, for the book will be sent to you with invoice enclosed.

error alone, however gross, is not heresy; it is rather malignity or perverseness of disposition. Thus heresy is more of a *behavioral* problem than a *doctrinal* one. Pendleton pointed to Augustine as referring to the essence of heresy when he said, "I may err, but I will not be a heretic." Heresy is thus "the tyranny of opinionism," the attitude that says you must accept my opinion and swear by it as your faith. It is not the error of the opinion that is heresy, but what one seeks to make of it.[8]

There were some big time heretics, able leaders with substantial influence, who were seen as threats to the survival of the Movement. We shall now study their stories with greater detail.

Sidney Rigdon and Mormonism

"Every person who receives the book of Mormon is an apostate from all that we ever professed."

— *Alexander Campbell*

Sidney Rigdon did not read all of Thomas Campbell's letter to him on February 4, 1831 before he hastily committed it to the flames. Becoming a preacher within the Movement as early as 1821, he had been a friend and a co-worker of both of the Campbells for almost a decade and was greatly admired among the Disciples for his unusual talents. But now he was a "Mormonite," to use Alexander Campbell's description, and was issuing public challenges to the world to disprove the claims of the Book of Mormon. Thomas Campbell wrote to him in response to that challenge, but rather than to accept it Rigdon cast the letter to the fire.

8. W. K. Pendleton, "Walter S. Russell and I. N. Carman," *Millennial Harbinger,* Vol. 31 (1860), p. 6.

BOOK NOTES

Israel is now the focus of much international attention. We would do well to understand what is going on, especially in the light of Israel's 4,000 years of history. *Discovering Israel*, by Jack Finegan, is a popular guide to the Holy Land from a Christian perspective; there are many pictures. 6.95 postpaid.

Some words are significant enough that an entire book might be written about them. Such is the word love. For 12.50 we will send you *Testaments of Love: A Study of Love in the Bible* by Leon Morris. You will especially benefit from the treatment of love in the Septuagint, which was the Bible used by the early Christians. It tells of the wonder and power of love throughout Scripture.

The pastor of the world's largest church, Paul Yonggi Cho of Seoul, Korea, writes on *Solving Life's Problems*. He shares the secret of his success, such as how to deal with deception and overcome difficulties, and you will appreciate his chapter on experiencing God daily. 4.95 postpaid.

Two books by Howard Snyder will especially appeal to the Restoration mind, for they deal with the problem of church structures and recovering the sense of community in the early church. *Problem of Wine Skins* and *The Community of the King* are 5.50 each or 10.00 for the two, postpaid.

For your library on our heritage there are three *musts* that are still in print: *The Living Oracles* (Campbell's translation of the NT), which includes the extended appendix of his notes, 9.50; *The Fool of God*, novel on Campbell's life, 4.95; *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell, 2 vols. in 1, a history of the* Movement, 19.95. All prices postpaid.

Remember to reserve your copy of *The Stone-Campbell Movement: An Anecdotal History of Three Churches,* by Leroy Garrett, at pre-pub price of 17.95. It will be mailed to you, invoice enclosed, probably before you receive the next issue of this journal.

If you want a copy of the popular translation of the NT, *Good News* (TEV), we recommend the handsome blue denim finish edition at only 8.95, postpaid.

Cruden's Concordance provides a ready reference to all the key words in the Bible, only 7.50 postpaid.

An informative study of woman's ministry in the church is *In Search of God's Ideal Woman.* You'll appreciate the chapter on whether the woman is to be "a mute benchwarmer." 5.95 postpaid.

We would like to acquaint you with the writings of a Christian psychiatrist, a Canadian named John White. His *The Golden Cow* treats the problem of materialism in the 20th century, while *Daring to Draw Near* is a study of prayer; 4.50 each, or the two for 8.00.

If you would like to see what we were saying in this journal years ago, we will send you a random selection of 18 back issues for only 3.00.

Our bound volumes still available are: *Principles of Unity and Fellowship* (1977), 5.50; *The Ancient Order* (1978), 5.50; *Blessed Are the Peacemakers and With All the Mind* (1979-80), 7.95. These three volumes will give you *Restoration Review* in attractive bound volumes for the past four years at little more than the regular subscription price.

OUR CHANGING WORLD

Now and again I am asked about Alexander Campbell's descendants. *The Campbell Light*, published by Bethany College, tells of a recent visit from one of Campbell's descendants, Audine Barclay Andrews of Australia. She is both a great granddaughter and a great, great granddaughter, being the daughter of Julian Barclay, Campbell's grandson, and the daughter of Campbell's great grandaughter, Mary Campbell Magarey. Now would you like to tell me what blood kin her parents were? Mrs. Andrews was born in Bethany and migrated to Australia as a child. Visiting her birthplace for the first time, she recalls playing in the yard of the Bethany mansion, which is now a historical landmark, listed by the National Register of Historic Places. In my history book soon to be published (can I talk about anything else?) I tell the story of an Australian who travelled all the way to America and knocked on Campbell's front door, asking to be baptized "into the church of the Disciples." He had been persuaded by Campbell's writings as they circulated in Australia. I am sure the town folk were pleased to have another visitor from that distant continent, a *twice* descendant of Alexander Campbell!

Christie Yeck, our 14-month old granddaughter, lives with us a lot of the time these days, and she has a way of stealing our hearts. We are helping out since her father was drowned in a swollen creek last May a few miles from Denton. Our daughter Phoebe, a widow at age 26, is hanging in, still living on the farm in the county, the home of her late husband. The other child, 6-year old Ashley, was with his daddy and saw him drown, but had the composure to hang on to a tree limb and cry for help. An upstream fisherman heard his cries and hurried to the scene and pulled the lad from the raging creek. The story made the front page of the Denton paper, with a picture of the bewildered boy at creek side being comforted by his paternal grandfather, telling the newspaper reporter, "My daddy drowned." I would have told of this sad story before now, but I can hardly write about it. Ouida and I took little Ashley to the Ozarks in the summer, less than a month after the tragedy, and it was medicine for his soul. Dear sisters and brothers several places in Arkansas helped to love him back to health. There is still a lot of good in this old world! He is after us to take him back to Arkansas, and is adamant about moving there someday, which is to say that at this point he is not making a very good Texan!

We will all miss Carl Ketcherside's autobiography, which ends with the next issue. It has been with us through six years and sixty installments, and it will take its place as an important biography in our history. For this reason we hope to issue it in book form eventually, with Carl adding an epilogue on his latest years and perhaps I an introduction. In the meantime most of it is available in our bound volumes, or will be. I have invited Carl to continue writing on other themes.

Julius Hovan of Gallatin, Tn. sent us a mailout of a Church of Christ in Stockton, Ca. that reports on its mission program in Ethiopia. The report tells of efforts to convert Independent Christian Churches to "the Lord's church." It tells of rebaptizing 180 of our Christian Church brethren, along with the preacher, and 53 more churches are targeted for conversion. This is one Church of Christ's concept of doing mission work in Ethiopia. While this is of course tragic, portraying such sectariansim in the face of those who need Christ, we can take heart that this sort of thing among our people is on its way out. While we are certainly capable of such partyism, such instances are becoming rarer and rarer. Julius expressed sadness over such a report. Yes, but we have blessings to count. I am confident that a large majority of Church of Christ folk — my educated guess is 85% — are turned off by such blatant bigotry. A new day is dawning, so I am happy, not sad! (I will send *my* report to said church so that they can see that they are going to be left behind!)

READER'S EXCHANGE

I enjoy the *Review* more than anything else I read, with the possible exception of the Bible. I have tried with great diligence to find something with which I could disagree, but thus far have been unsuccessful . . . I really don't understand the millennium. How about an article or even an entire year on the subject? — *Clyde E. Hopingardner, Boise, Idaho.*

(There are many who find things with which to disagree, and with little effort! As for the millennium, I don't understand it either, but I have a dear friend who does. Perhaps it is enough for us to be ready for it, however and whenever it comes. There you have my position in a single line- — *Ed.*)

Sorry to be so late renewing. Have had company. The children gave us a 65th anniversary party on Oct. 17th. What a day!